

## Weeknights in Suburbia by fairytale87

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Steve Harrington & Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2018-11-26

**Updated:** 2018-11-25

**Packaged:** 2022-04-23 03:04:03

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,521

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Steve Harrington isn't over Nancy Wheeler, and maybe she isn't over him either. Post S2.

## Weeknights in Suburbia

He half expected her to give him a plush heart to replace the real one she broke.

*“Like we’re in love?”*

Halloween had passed, Thanksgiving had passed, now Christmas was fast approaching. Just last year he was curled up on the couch with her, watching *It’s a Wonderful Life*. He should have noticed her forlorn look as she watched Jonathan Byers drive away. But all he saw was her. In his arms. Which he thought would last forever.

*“It’s bullshit.”*

He wished he hadn’t said anything. He wished he’d said everything. He knew she was hurting. He knew that when they kissed it reminded her of how she chose him over Barb that night. But he’d kept it to himself; was convinced that if he got her to forget about last year it would all be okay.

*“You don’t love me?”*

But death and fighting monsters eclipses high school dreams of popularity and love. Maybe she was seeing clearly now for the first time. The only time he saw clearly was with her.

The frigid air softened the scent of the cigarette smoke, and he breathed in deeper. He had quit for her. And in a way he was starting again for her. To escape her. To convince himself that everything they had had could be undone.

He flicked the cigarette to the ground and watched the steam rise up from the pool. He wasn’t sure why he was sitting out here. Maybe it was to feel something. He had once told Dustin that the key was to not care, and at the time he thought he was protecting Dustin. Maybe he still believed that.

She was the first girl he had ever said “I love you” to, and she was the first girl to break his heart. He knew she didn’t owe him

anything. He had been selfish and unaware, and she had been calling out to him on a frequency he wouldn't turn to. Back then he didn't think he could take up both his role and Byers'. They had entered her life at two very different times, and it was hard for either of them to transcend. She fought monsters with Byers, she went to pep rallies with Steve.

He pulled himself from his chair. The stars were sharp tonight. Like millions of flashlights pointed at him. They could see through his weak exterior.

"Steve?"

He thought it was a dream, hearing her voice so close to him.

"Steve, can we talk?"

He felt colder than the air ever could have made him. He could feel her behind him.

"What do you want, Nancy?"

"Can you at least come over here?"

He turned to look at her. She was clutching a present to her chest. Steve sighed and walked over to the screen door she was leaning against. "What are you doing here?"

"I know it's probably not worth much now, but I wanted to apologize. The way we ended things wasn't..."

"Wasn't really an ending?" He hadn't intended on it sounding so bitter.

Nancy swallowed hard. "Right," she said softly. "It was unfair of me. And Tina's party, I— I keep thinking about it."

"Look, Nance, I appreciate your apology, but this isn't a confession. I'm not going to absolve you of anything or tell you what your penance is. Things shook out the way they shook out, and there's nothing either of us can do to change that."

“You’re right,” she said. She shifted awkwardly. “I might’ve come here to make myself feel better, but I also came here because I missed you.”

“You know, I don’t understand this. What is it, no more monsters to fight? You and Byers got nothing in common now?”

Steve found it hard to hold back his anger. He had loved her, he still loved her; she didn’t love him, she maybe wanted him.

Distracted, he almost missed the way Nancy tensed. “Someone once told me that Jonathan and I had shared trauma, and that’s part of what made us good together. At the time, I thought that was enough, and what I needed. But— I’m tired of fighting and staying in the past.”

“You can’t have it both ways.” He stuffed his hands in his pockets. “Look, I’m not going to lie— I’m glad you’re here. It’s just— why are you really here? You’re with me, you want Jonathan; you’re with Jonathan, and what— you want me?”

Nancy ran a hand over her forehead. “I don’t know. I don’t know, okay? Ever since the Upside Down and Will’s disappearance and Barb’s death, I don’t know much of anything.”

“None of us do, Nance,” he said. “None of us do, alright?” He sighed, toying with the pack of smokes in his pocket. “You really think I was okay with Barb and all the shit that went down last year?”

She bit her lip. “You never said anything.” Her voice was quiet. “I thought I was dealing with everything alone.”

“Everyone deals with things alone, even when they’re with other people. Look, I dealt by trying to pretend everything was okay, and you’re right, that was bullshit. But that doesn’t change the fact that what happened between us happened. You didn’t love me, and you found solace or whatever with Jonathan. To be honest I should have seen it a hell of a lot sooner.”

“Even though I might’ve said I loved you before I actually meant it, I really did love being with you. Everything that happened at Tina’s

and after it doesn't change that."

He nodded. "Did you know you were the first person I ever said 'I love you' to?"

"No." Her voice wasn't more than a whisper, and she looked up at him with her sparkling blue eyes. They were darker in this light.

"Well, you were. And you hurt me." He ran a hand through his hair. "Jesus, Nance, I don't know what to do here."

"Do we have to do anything?"

He gave her a confused look, so she continued. "Let's just sit here. Watch the stars, breathe the night air... I could use a little peace and quiet."

Steve nodded, and walked back to his chair and pulled one up for Nancy. When they were together, they had never really done this. Just sat and took in the world together. He wondered if that's what she and Byers did; probably listening to one of his favorite albums.

"Mind?" He took a cigarette out from the pack and held it in her direction. He could see the disappointed look creep up on her face. If this were before Tina's party, she would've scrunched her nose and say she didn't want to taste smoke when they kissed. Now she only shook her head.

The spark from his lighter reminded him of when he first saw her. Back before the bullshit. Back before the name Byers meant anything. "Do you remember when we met?"

Nancy nodded, a small smile on her face. "Yeah. I thought you didn't even notice me."

"With those blue eyes and that smile? C'mon, I would've been an idiot not to notice you." He toyed with his cigarette. "I'm glad I noticed you." His voice quieter now, "every goddamn day I'm glad."

Nancy couldn't muster any words in response. Steve had always been that too good to be true guy that turned out to only be as good as Hawkins could make him. He was popular; he was rich; he was

surrounded by shelter he'd probably never leave. At first it was exciting and safe all at once. And then it was boring and nothing more. After the Upside Down. After Jonathan Byers. But now, sitting here beside Steve's pool, just as they had done so long ago, none of that seemed true anymore. She hadn't realized how much the Upside Down changed Steve. And how much it made her feel closer to him.

"You know, I have pretty great music taste," Steve said, staring out at the pool. "Byers isn't the only one in this town with a record player and an ear for talent."

"I'm not sure Toto counts as great music taste." She smiled at him, as if for the first time.

"Nancy Wheeler, I'm appalled. *Hold the Line* is musical genius."

Nancy mulled over the song. "Love isn't always on time," the song went, and maybe Toto had a point.

"I'm not going to lie, it's a good song to sing in the car. But no one is writing an in-depth analysis on it any time soon."

"Fair. Not all songs can be *American Pie*, but that's part of the fun, right?" He smirked. "Plus, *Africa* will always hold a special meaning to me."

The thought of Steve's lips hot and eager against hers flashed across Nancy's mind.

"Steve," she said quietly.

"I know, not the right thing to say." He fiddled with the cigarette, before flicking it to the ground.

Without much forethought, she leaned over, and pressed her lips to his, Toto playing on repeat in her mind. "You know I hate the taste of cigarette smoke."